

Sisters' S. C. E.

FROM THE PRESIDENT.

Dear Christian Endeavorers:—I have just been reading the EVANGELIST of Nov. 27, and am pleased to find the financial report so encouraging. Although a number of societies have neglected to remit, yet a larger proportion have remitted than ever before, and the aggregate is much better than ever before. We heartily congratulate the Busy Bees of Miamisburg upon their financial success, and heartily appreciate their gift to the Theological Chair. The Busy Bees are a Junior Sister's Society, and are doing excellent work. We wish the young sisters everywhere were as busy with their needles for Christ's work as they. We are sure the dear Saviour must be pleased to watch the busy fingers, prompted by hearts written over with love for Him.

I have just returned from a three week's visit to Virginia. My first point was the Shiloh church at Maurertown. Here I met a warm welcome from the friends I made there on former visits. I found the S. S. C. E. doing nicely. Though financially, they can not do as good work, as some societies, because of their surroundings, yet they are doing quite well, and you will notice that the Shiloh church remitted this fall \$3.10 which shows that they have a good membership, and that the members pay their dues. They have their devotional meetings regularly, and have very interesting meetings.

My next stopping place was the Liberty church near Quicksburg. Here the church is weak financially and numerically, but they have some earnest workers, and while they cannot do much financially, we think their S. S. C. E. is a spiritual benefit to the church. They have devotional meetings, monthly, and have not neglected their tribute to the national treasury.

From Quicksburg I went to the new church at Dayton, and preached for them two evenings. All things considered, we thought it not practicable to organize a Society at present. The membership is widely scattered, the church just organized, their pocket books heavily taxed to pay for the new church they have just dedicated. Because of these things we thought an attempt to organize might be premature.

Next I visited the Bethlehem church, and spent Sunday with them. Their society has been doing good work. Situated as they are near to Harrisonburg, they have financially the advantage over the other societies. They have adopted a plan which has proved quite successful.

They have commissioned one of the sisters to sell their articles and to take orders. She receives ten per cent. of all sales. By this means they secure all the work that they can do. They meet regularly every two weeks, distribute the work among the sisters and let them take it to their homes. They have also their devotional meetings.

From Bethlehem, brother Joe Hall, two of his sisters and myself went to Mount Olive church. On the way we stopped for a few minutes at the Corporation Alms House. There were just eight inmates. Brother and Sister Wisman have charge of the house, and they said we must not go away without seeing "Aunt Nett." Aunt Nett is one of the four colored inmates, and her deep piety, her bright anticipations, her uncomplaining disposition, her patient resignation taught us a beautiful lesson. When we reached the house in which they stayed, we found on the porch a poor, blind boy, the light of day has long since been shut out from him, but so acute is his sense of hearing, so highly developed, that he needs but to hear a voice once to remember it for months, and recognize it and tell to whom it belongs when heard again. He at once recognized Brother Hall's voice, and to entertain us he drew from his pocket a mouth harp and gave us some music. We passed on into Aunt Nett's room after thanking our musician, and found her a helpless invalid, having suffered for sixteen years with rheumatism. The extreme suffering had so distorted her form, that the right knee rested on her chest, and the left knee rested on the right ankle. Who can conceive of the pain that could cause such distortion? Yet Aunt Nett lies there day after day in that cheerless room, patient, resigned, and thankful, her heart full of love to the Lord, and bright with hope of that beautiful home, where souls once dwelling in black bodies, shall be clothed in eternal white. "O," she said, "some of us colored people can only talk in poor broken language, but yet we can praise the Lord and tell of our love to Him." We all knelt by her bedside and had a season of prayer with her. We could not linger long, and with a hearty amen to her expressed hope of meeting us all "up there," we left her, feeling sure that for her there's a bright, bright day coming.

At Mt. Olive, we found the society doing fairly well, though the president was a little discouraged, because two of their meetings had been a failure. There was no real cause however for discouragement, and another announcement was made, which we hope has proved to be a success. Financially they are doing as

well as can be expected, and we trust they will not yield to discouragements. We must expect these in S. S. C. E. work as in every thing else.

On Tuesday, Brother Hall, his sister, Brother Zetta, his daughter, and myself climbed to the top of the "peaked mountain," the southern terminus of the Massamitta ridge. It is seventeen hundred feet high, and a four miles walk from our stopping place. It was a steep, tiresome climb, but it paid. When we reached the top, and looked down upon the valley below, a beautiful sight greeted us. No tongue or pen can describe the beauty of that scene, the peaks of the Blue Ridge beyond the valley, outlined against the sky, the sparkling river, the fields and patches of woods in the valley below, the smoke curling from the chimney tops. Hearing the whistle of an engine we looked out in the distance, and saw the N. and W. train, looking like a large caterpillar creeping away.

On the highest point we sat down and ate our dinner. After eating, we sang "Nearer my God to Thee," and sweetly sounded the dear old hymn on the mountain air. Then we united our voices in that prayer taught us by Him who so often sought the solitude of the mountain for prayer. What a sweet, solemn service it was and how we enjoyed it! Then we began the descent, and carefully climbed down the steep cliffs, amusing ourselves by rolling rocks down the mountain side. We reached Brother Zetta's at three o'clock, tired but delighted with our trip.

On Friday, I left Mt. Olive for Roanoke. This was a new point for me, and with the exception of two or three, all were strangers, but they soon made me feel at home. I remained with them until Sunday night at midnight, preaching each evening and Sunday morning at the Bethany church. On Sunday evening we effected an S. S. C. E. organization of twenty-four members, with sister Mollie Nininger as president. My stay with them was very pleasant, and I would gladly have remained longer with them, but duty called me else where.

On Monday noon I reached Maurertown, and on Tuesday, went by private conveyance across the Massamitta mountain to the Cross Roads church in "The Fort" valley. No "woman preacher" had ever been in the valley before, and large crowds came out to see as well as to hear. I remained with them two nights, talking to very attentive and appreciative audiences, and organizing a society of thirty-eight members, with sister Effie Baker as president. On Thursday we recrossed the mountain. It was a bright clear day, and the drive a beautiful one. The de-